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THE
CHRISTMAS FROLICK;
OR,
MIRTH for the HOLIDAYS.

CONSISTING OF

A great Number of *admirable Stories* never before printed; with a select Collection of others, from *rare, old, and scarce Books*.

With a Variety of *NEW SONGS*, written on purpose for this Work, and adapted to *well known Tunes*.

Likewise a select Store of *New Jests, Anecdotes, Whims, Oddities, &c.* copied as spoken by our *First-rate Wits*; and never yet offered to public Inspection.

The whole calculated to warm the Imagination, raise the Spirits in the gloom of Winter, and procure, what every one wishes,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

*Who'd fail to be merry that cou'd be?
Who'd wish to be dull in dull Weather?
Let us all be as gay as we shou'd be
And sing and tell Stories together.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. ALLEN, in *Paternoster Row*, and sold by all Bookfellers, Stationers, and News-Carriers. 1775.

(Price One Shilling.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL

OR

MIRTH FOR THE HOLIDAYS

CONTAINING

A GREAT VARIETY OF ORIGINAL STORIES, NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED, WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF
SONNETS, AND A FEW BOOKS.

WITH A HISTORY OF NEW SCOTLAND, WRITTEN BY
JOHN G. CAMPBELL, ESQ. AND ADAPTED TO THE
PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Printed by J. G. CAMPBELL, at the
PRINTING OFFICE, No. 1, St. Andrew's Street,
GLASGOW.

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TO THE
R E A D E R.

IF the following Collection should be found to answer, in any degree, the Title of our Book, it is presumed that no Apology need be made for its Publication, at this Season of Mirth and Festivity. Story-telling is a great help and Life to Conversation. We have endeavoured to select such Stories from the best Writers, as will not disgrace those who relate them. Indeed several of them are totally new, and it must be left to our Readers whether or not they think proper to make those the subject of their Narrations. Almost all our Songs and Jests are also such as have never been printed before. The Anecdotes and Characters are written by the ablest Hands this Kingdom ever produced; it need scarcely be said that

that ADDISON is the Author of many of them.

Nothing now remains But to wish our Readers as many MERRY CHRISTMAS-TIDES, and as many HAPPY NEW YEARS as Health, Plenty, and good-humour, can jointly promise, or procure.

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STORY.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

IN the Year 1753, a large and respectable Company of young Ladies and Gentlemen were assembled to spend the Christmas Day, at the House of Colonel Woodford, in Hampshire. — The Colonel had been a gay Man in his time; but his Ideas were elegant, his Sentiments pure, and his Heart uncontaminated by his commerce with the World. — His Estate was ample, and the œconomy with which he manag'd it did him singular honour. His first Pleasure was to see his own Family happy, his second to make happy those around him. — When the Family had dined, the chearful Glass had circulated, Tea and Coffee had been drank, and even Cards grew tiresome, the Company viewed Colonel Woodford with anxious Eyes, as hoping from his good Sense and Expe-

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rience

rience, a more rational Entertainment than Feasting or Card-Playing could afford. The Colonel read their Wishes in their Looks, and without waiting for farther entreaty, said, " Let us chat an Hour, " my Boys and Girls. What think you of " Story-telling for a Christmas Amusement? I will tell you a Piece of the " History of my own Life, (thank God " and my Harriet it has been a happy " Life thus far,) and you shall take a Lesson from our Conduct for your own, if " you think our Example worthy of being " copied."—The Company expressed their Wishes that he would proceed; which he did to the following Purport.

" I was the younger Son of the Revd. Dr. Woodford, of Staffordshire. To say any thing of my Father would be saying too little, unless I bestowed on him all the Praises due to Humanity elevated to the highest degree of Perfection.—I was intended for the Church; and of consequence educated so as to prepare my passage to the University; but my Inclination leading me to the Profession of Arms, I prevailed on my Grandfather to purchase me a Cornetcy in a Regiment of Horse.

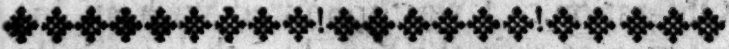
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It would be as impertinent to this Company, as troublesome to myself, to relate by what gradations I rose almost to the first Honours of my Profession. Suffice it to say that I was not deficient in what I thought the discharge of my Duty, and that my gracious Sovereign has more than rewarded my Endeavours. In the Year 1733, I was quartered in the City which gave Birth to my Harriet. I had then never seen her: but an Accident, which for that reason I shall ever deem propitious, introduced me to her knowledge. A Company of Players had taken up their Residence, to entertain us during the Christmas Holidays — Accident placed me in the same Box with my Harriet. — The House was crowded; for the People of Fashion had made a Point of attending, to enable the Actors to feast thro' the Season of Festivity. In the Middle of the fourth Act, the Word *Fire* occurred in one of the Lines. The Actor spoke with too elevated a tone of Voice. A Lady who heard, but did not understand him, mistook the elevation of his Voice for a cry of "Fire." — The alarm soon spread, and ill-founded as it was, spread with Rapidity.

dity.—Every one was anxious to save him or herself.—A Coxcomb Lover (pardon me, my dear) who attended my Harriet, ran off in the first hurry, and left his precious Charge behind him.—My Eyes had before drank in the bewitching Charms of her Beauty—She was hurrying to the Door: I saw the danger of her being crushed to death; and pressing to her Assistance, repell'd, by mere force, the weight of several People that would have fallen on her.—I caught her in my Arms, and crying, “ ’Tis all a mistake, Madam ”—repeated the whole Sentence of the Play in which the Word *fire* occurred.—By this time two of the Players had come forward, and assured us that we were safe.—With difficulty I prevented my Harriet from fainting.—She recollected herself, and remained in her Place.—Of those who crowded to get out, several were terribly bruised, two had their Limbs broke, and one was killed. A Lady who received no apparent damage at the time, languished for two Months and then died.—I had the honour of attending my Harriet to her Father's, and received too many acknowledgments for having conferred a common Obligation.

Obligation. I was honoured with an Invitation to visit the Family—the cowardly Lover never renewed his Visit; not even to enquire after the Lady's Health. Suffice it to say, that I was honoured with her Confidence——Her Love——within three Months I was made the happiest Man living; and if my Charlotte (bowing to his Daughter) continues, as she has begun, to copy her Mother's excellent Example, she cannot fail of becoming one of the happiest of Women."

This Tale, which was intended merely as a Christmas Entertainment, was productive of a very agreeable Consequence. Among the Company present was Sir George Newport. His Eyes struck fire at the Praises the Colonel bestowed on Charlotte.—He loved her on the Instant.—There could be no Objection to Sir George's Birth, Fortune, Person, or Character.—A speedy Marriage ensued; and last June made Colonel Woodford one of the happiest Grandfathers in the World.



STORY II.

Account of an Uncle wrongfully Executed.

A Gentleman died possessed of a very considerable Fortune, which he left to his only Child, a Daughter, and appointed his Brother to be her Guardian, and Executor of his Will. The young Lady was then about Eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without Children, her Fortune was left to her Guardian and to his Heirs. As the Interest of the Uncle was now incompatible with the Life of the Neice, several other Relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the Uncle, in case of the young Lady's death; whether they had any Apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the Father's disposition of his Fortune, and therefore propagated Rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the

the Uncle, however, took his Neice to his House near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great enquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the Day she was missing, she went out with her Uncle into the Forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into Custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long Examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning Home; that he sought her in the Forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This Account was thought improbable, and his apparent Interest in the death of his Ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen Suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody.

Some new Circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found that the young Lady had been addressed by a neighbouring Gentleman, who had,
a few

a few days before she was missing, set out on a Journey to the North ; and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned : that her Uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the Match in very strong terms : that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness, and an abuse of his Power.

A Woman was also produced, who swore that on the Day the young Lady was missing, about Eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, she was coming through the Forest, and heard a Woman's Voice expostulating with great eagerness ; upon which she drew nearer the Place, and, before she saw any Person, heard the same voice say, *Don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me* ; upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of Fire-Arms very near, she made all the haste she could from the Spot, but could not rest in her Mind, till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a Man, who had murdered his Neice to inherit her Fortune, that upon
this

this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the Execution, the young Lady came Home. It appeared, however, that what all the Witnesses had sworn was true, and the Fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—The young Lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the Gentleman that courted her, he had given out, that he was going a journey to the North; but that he waited concealed at a little House near the skirts of the Forest, till the Time appointed, which was the Day she disappeared. That he had Horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two Servants also on Horseback. That as she was walking with her Uncle he reproach'd her with persisting in her Resolution to marry a Man of whom he disapproved, and after much Altercation, she said with some heat, *I have set my heart upon it, if I do not marry him it will be my death; and don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me:* that just as she had pronounced these Words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards

afterwards saw a Man come forward from among the Trees, with a Wood-Pigeon in his Hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the Place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her Uncle go on before her, and her Lover being waiting for her with a Horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the North, they retired to a House, in which he had taken Lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same Day, and, in about a Week, went a Journey of Pleasure to France, from whence when they returned, they first heard of the Misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their Uncle.

The Reader will need no other arguments than what are comprized in the above Narrative, (which is unquestionably true) to convince him of the extreme Caution that ought to be made use of, before any Person is convicted on circumstantial Evidence, however strong, and apparently satisfactory.

STORY

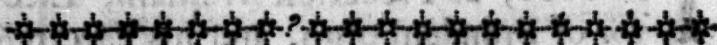


STORY III.

A Stag Lives, after being shot through the Heart.

IN 1686, as Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, and his Electress were hunting, they saw a Stag, at which the Electress took aim, and shot him with a leaden Bullet. He walked off 400 Yards, and crawled into a Ditch. The Elector's Gun-Smith followed him, and lodged a Ball in the back Part of his Head: Still, however, he kept his Legs, till a third was lodged under his left Ear, when he fell as dead. A Cart was sent for, which was three quarters of an Hour before it was brought. The Country Fellows turned him from one Side upon his Belly, and laying hold of his Horns, lifted his Head into the Cart, when, just as they were on the point of raising the Body, the Stag got on his feet, sprang away from them, and traversed the Fields with incredible Swiftness. He was pursued by Hounds, who more than once surrounded him, and the
Forrester

Forrester coming up, shot him in the hinder Part of the Back ; still, however, he attempted another escape ; but was seized and killed by the Dogs. On examination it appeared that the Bullet which the Electress first discharged, went through the Heart of the Animal.



STORY IV.

Custom of making Freemen of *Alnwick* Common, *Northumberland*.

THE Persons that are to be made free, or, as they call it, *to leap the Well*, assemble in the Market-Place very early in the Morning, on the 25th of April. They are on horseback, with every Man a Sword by his Side, dressed in White, with white Night Caps, and attended by the Four Chamberlains, and the Castle Bailiff, who are also mounted and armed in the same Manner. From the Market-place they proceed in great order, with Music playing before them, to a large dirty Pool, called the *Freemens Well*,

Well, on the Confines of the Common. Here they draw up in a Body at some distance from the Water, and then all at once rush into it, and scramble through the Mud as fast as they can. As the Water is generally breast high, and very foul, they come out in a most filthy Condition; but dry Cloaths being ready for them on the other Side, they put them on with all possible Expedition, and then taking a Dram, remount their Horses, and ride full gallop round the whole Confines of the District, of which, by this Atchievement, they are become free.

After having compleated this Circuit, they again enter the Town Sword in hand, and are met by Women dressed up with Ribbons, Bells, and Garlands of Guin-Flowers. The Heroes then proceed in a Body till they come to the House of one of their Company, where they leave him, having first drank a Dram; the remaining Number proceed to the House of the second, with the same Ceremony, and so on, till the last is left to go Home by himself.

The Houses of the new Freemen are on this Day distinguished by a great Holly Bush, which is planted in the Street before them, as a Signal for their Friends to assemble, and make merry with them at their return.—This strange Ceremony is said to have been instituted by King John, in Memory of his having once bogged his Horse in this Pool, now called the *Freemens Well*.



STORY V.

Remarkable Instances of Longevity.

H Enry Jenkins, an Englishman, died in the year 1670. aged 169.—John Rovin, born at Szatlova Caransbetcher, in the banat of Temeswar, lived to the age of 172, and his wife to 164, having been married together 147 Years, and their youngest son being 90 at his Father's death.

—Peter Zorten, a Peasant of Keveresch, also in the banat of Temeswar, died on the 5th of January 1724, aged 185, the youngest

youngest of his Children being then 97.
This Zorten fed only on pulse.



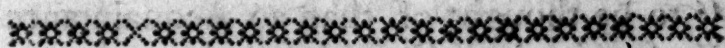
STORY VI.

The History of Will Wimble.

WILL Wimble was the Son of Sir Richard Wimble, of Worcester-shire, who dying, Will's eldest brother succeeded to the Estate for no other reason but that he was the eldest; and Will was left to seek his Fortune in any way that would not disgrace his Family.—He had no inclination to the Pulpit, for he did not love reading; Phyfic was his aversion; while he had too much conscience for the Law, and too much compassion for the Army. A mercantile Trade suited his Genius, and was the object of his Wishes; but that his Father denied him, and was angry that he should think of introducing buying and selling into his Family. The Plan that Will laid down for his support, and at the same time to render himself agreeable, is a proof of his good sense and address.

address.—He was a perfect Master of all those little Arts in which our Country Gentry delight. He hunted a pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and was very famous for finding a Hare: He made a May-fly to a Miracle, and furnished the whole Neighbourhood with Fishing-rods and Tobacco-stoppers. He carried a Tulip-root from one to another, and exchanged a Puppy between two Friends, who lived at a Distance, with great Dexterity. The young Heirs he frequently obliged with a net of his own Weaving, a setting-dog that he had himself instructed, a Quail-pipe, or a new Lash for a Whip. The Mothers and Sisters he generally complimented with battledores and Shuttlecocks, or a Pair of Garters of his own Knitting, and, whenever he met them, excited much Mirth by enquiring “how they wore,” and by “asking Permission to tie them up.” He composed all Differences between Gentlemen and their Servants; and tho’ he never gave the Footmen a Shilling, they stood more in awe of him than of their own Masters.—Such was the harmless Life of Will Wimble, who lived better
 without

without any Fortune, than his booby Brother did on four thousand a Year.



STORY VII.

An Instance of the Ridiculous.

“ **A** Mong the many People who have
 “ had Courage and Learning to lay
 “ Ghosts, *G. W. Salomine*, may be reckon-
 “ ed and esteemed the most considerable
 “ and knowing ; for he made a Fortune
 “ and raised an Estate by this very Trade ;
 “ and is said to have laid 1379 Souls in
 “ Red Sea : A Place which I know by
 “ Experience, and by Examination have
 “ found all Ghosts and Spirits are most a-
 “ fraid of ; and this I think proves Salo-
 “ mine’s Power to be very great, as it is
 “ a Place they would not but by force
 “ have went into.

“ It is to be remarked that Salomine
 “ was the seventh Son of his Father and
 “ Mother, who was a virtuous Woman ;
 “ and he had also a wonderful faculty of
 “ curing all Diseases *with a touch*. Such

“ surprising Power is there in some Peo-
 “ ple. Yet this Gentleman was not more
 “ to be thought of than an Acquaintance
 “ of mine, an Oxford Scholar, who to
 “ my certain knowledge and belief had
 “ cured many Disorders, and allayed the
 “ Ghosts of many disturbed People, when
 “ no other Person could do them.

“ In a Village where I lived, I do know
 “ there was a great House, a Mansion-
 “ house, haunted by a spirit that turned
 “ itself into a thousand Shapes and Forms;
 “ but generally came in the figure of a
 “ *boiled Scragg of Mutton*, and had baffled
 “ and defied the learned Men of both Uni-
 “ versities; but this being told to my
 “ Friend, who was a descendant and rela-
 “ tion of the learned Friar Bacon, he un-
 “ dertook to lay it, and that even without
 “ his Books; and ’twas done in this Man-
 “ ner: He ordered some Water to be put
 “ into a clean Skellet that was new, and
 “ had never been on the Fire. When the
 “ Water boiled, he himself pulled off his
 “ Hat, and Shoes and then took seven
 “ Turnips, which he pared with a small
 “ Penknife, that had been rubbed and
 “ whetted

“ whetted on a Loadstone, and put them
 “ into the Water. When they were boil-
 “ ed, he ordered some Butter to be melt-
 “ ed in a new glazed earthen Pipkin, and
 “ then mashed the Turnips in it. Just as
 “ this was finished, I myself saw the
 “ Ghost, in the form of a *boiled Scragg of*
 “ *Mutton*, peep in at the Window, which
 “ I gave him notice of, and he stuck his
 “ Fork into him, and sowsed both him
 “ and the Turnips into a Pewter Dish,
 “ and, eat both up; and the House was
 “ ever afterward quiet and still. Now this
 “ I should not have believed, or thought
 “ true, but I stood by and saw all the
 “ whole Ceremony performed.”

The above monstrous Absurdity, which
 will serve very well for a Holiday
 Laugh, is copied from JACKSON'S
State of the Defunct. Page 97.

STORY



STORY VIII.

The LOTTERY, a Christmas Tale.

A Young Lady in Lincolnshire, whom we shall call *Lucinda*, was addressed by several young Fellows, who pretended a great regard for her Person, independant of all pecuniary Considerations, because she was supposed to be rich. During the warmth of their Addresses her Father died Involvent and she instantly lost all her Admirers but Mr. Freeland, who then, more earnestly than ever, pressed her to honour him with her Hand in Marriage; but the generous *Lucinda* disdained to impoverish the only Man who had given any solid proof of his Affection for her. Just at this juncture an Uncle of *Lucinda's* died in a distant Country, and left her 12,000*l.*—It was unknown to her Lovers that she had any such Relation, and she was determined to keep it a secret for the present; but as the Lottery was then drawing she caused it to be propagated

pagated (by Friends whom she could trust) that she had got one of the 10,000l. Prizes. Her Lovers instantly renewed their Addresses, and were warmer in their Adulation than ever. Freeland was the only one who did not now implore the Honour of her Hand, as he scorned to have it thought that he courted her from interested Motives. In a few days it was announced in the News-papers who was the real Possessor of the 10,000l. Prize: on which Lucinda's Lovers again left her, and calumniated her in every Company, as a Jilt that would have entrapped them into Matrimony. Lucinda now sent for Freeland, explained the real State of her Affairs, and soon afterwards made him happy in the Possession of herself, and the 12,000l. which her Uncle had left her. What heightens the Beauty of this Story is, that Mr Freeland obtained a Prize of 5000l. in that very Lottery, which, as his Fortune was ample, he settled on Lucinda the Day preceeding their Marriage.

STORY



STORY IX.

The ALMANACK ; or the Fortune-Teller,
a New Year's Tale.

THREE young Ladies, with the same Number of young Gentlemen, who paid their Addresses to them, were on a Visit at a Merchant's in the City, on the first of January, 1774, when after the circulation of a chearful Glass, the Merchant who was a Gentleman of singular Vivacity, told the young Ladies that his Father was a Fortune-Teller, and that he had in his youth, acquired Part of the old Gentleman's Art ; “ and now “ (said he) my Girls, if you will each of “ you tell me the Day of your Birth, I “ will tell you a Piece of good Fortune ; “ if you, in return, will promise to do “ all in your Power to verify my pre- “ dictions.” The Challenge was laughably accepted ; but he made them promise him seriously, and having learnt their respective Birth-days, told that they should

should be severally married on the next return of that Day in the Almanack. The Lovers took Advantage of the young Ladies Promises: the Merchant insisted on their "doing all in their Power to "verify his Predictions;" and the Consequence was that within Six Months Three Couple were made happy.



STORY X.

The HAUNTED HOUSE; a Twelfth-day Tale.

ON Twelfth Night, in the Year, 1771. a large Company was assembled at the Seat of Edmund Williams, Esq. in Berkshire, to partake of the usual Diversions of the Evening. When Supper was over, and the Twelfth-Cake had been shared, with the customary Scene of Frolic, The Company began to think of departing; but as the Weather proved unfavourable, and most of the Company had a considerable way home, Mr. Williams accommodated as many of them as possible

possible with Beds ; but there was still one young Gentleman (Captain Darnley) unprovided for ; and Mr. Williams frankly told him he had no room in which to lodge him, but one that was supposed to be haunted ; and though (continued he) I have no Idea of such nonsense myself, we never yet could get any person to lodge in that Room. Young Darnley said he should be proud of lodging in such a Room ; and Preparations were immediately made for his Reception ; a good Fire being Lighted, and a Candle placed on a Table near it. The Captain retired to rest, and after reflecting an Hour on the oddity of his situation, fell a Sleep. About three o'Clock he was awakened by the opening of the Chamber Door, and not a little surprized to see a genteel Figure in White Walk slowly towards the Bed. The Candle burnt dim, and the Captain, with all his Courage, was too much alarmed to judge what the Apparition was. At length it turned down the Bed Cloaths, and came softly into Bed. The Captain found that it breathed, and was then less Terrified. At length he extended his Arm towards it, and felt a Finger, from
which

which he slipped a Ring. Soon afterwards the Ghost left the Bed, stalked slowly across the Room, and shut the Door after it. The Captain slept in tranquillity during the remainder of the Night; and in the Morning, when the Company were assembled at Breakfast, he asked if any Person present had lost a Ring. Miss Williams declared herself Mistress of it; on which Darnley related the Particulars of the Visit of the Ghost, not a little to the confusion of the young Lady. — Mr. Williams took up the Matter in a fresh Point of View, and said that, as his Daughter had gone to Bed to the Captain without her Knowledge, it should be his Fault if he did not go to Bed to her in return. The Captain most joyfully accepted the Terms; a happy Marriage soon ensued, and he has called his Lady by the Name of his *Dear-Ghost* ever since.

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STORY

The next Day Mr. Bull happened to be in Company where the Discovered himself on the Excellence of Ionic Capstones, and

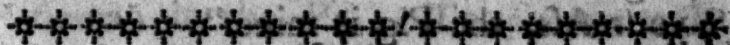
STORY XI.

THE BLUNDERER.

Among that Species of Blunderers who say a good Thing without knowing it, may be ranked Mr. *Bush*, who being one Day in the Fields with his Companions, they were suddenly caught in a violent Shower of Rain, and ran with all Speed to the Hedge for Shelter. A young Lady passing by at the Instant, our Hero cries out to her, “Whither so fast in all this Rain, my dear? You had better come here, and take shelter under a *Bush*.” — “Well said, Jack,” cries his Companions. — that’s the smartest Thing that ever came out of thy Mouth.” — Jack was mightily elated with the Applause that was paid him, though he knew not where the Cream of the Jest lay.

The next Day Mr. *Bush* happening to be in Company where the Discourse turned on the Excellence of some Capacities, and

and the readiness of their Wit above others; "Faith, (said he) that's true enough; for I was in the Fields yesterday, with several of my Acquaintance, and the Devil a smart Thing did any of them say but myself; and one Thing in particular, so clever, that they all swore they never heard a better." "Indeed! — What was it? (cried one of the Company.) — "Why, replied Bush) you must know that we were all caught in a violent Shower, and while we stood under a great Tree, a young Lady ran by us; upon which I called out to her, Hold! Hold! my dear; you had better stay here, and take shelter under a Hedge: and as I am a living Man, they all swore they never heard a better Jest in their Lives."



STORY XII.

Of a Man who had lost his Ass

A Countryman having lost his Ass, applied to the Cryer, desiring him to give Notice of it at the Church-door,

which he did on three successive Sundays: but no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner desired the Cryer to continue his Proclamation as usual, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The Cryer being an arch Fellow, and tired with the Countryman's Importunity, on a Holiday, when the Publick Worship was ended, and the People flocked out of the Church, made the following Proclamation: "If there be any Man amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly protest he never was in love, he shall have a fat Pig."—On this a foolish loobily Fellow, bawled out, "I can safely take my Oath that I am the Person who has never been in love," whereupon the Cryer, taking him by the Sleeve, presented him to the Countryman, saying, "Here, Friend, I have found your Ass, the Pig is mine." *

XII. STORY

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STORY XIII.

The BLUNDERING PLAYER.

FORTY or Fifty Years ago, when the Actors gave out a New Play, it was customary for them to say, "Containing the Tragical End of such a one, the comical Adventures, the memorable Battle, &c."

Tom Walker, who originally played Mackheath, was giving out a Play, on a Saturday Night, for Mrs. Bicknell's Benefit, when he said, "Gentlemen and Ladies, to-morrow Evening will be perfor—" "To-morrow!" said a Gentleman in the Pit, "To-morrow will be Sunday."—Walker was extremely confused; but recovering himself, made a second Bow, and proceeded as follows. "Ladies and Gentlemen, On Monday next, will be performed. the Historical Play of King Henry the Eighth; containing the Divorce of Anna Bullen,

" the Marriage of the Princess Catherine,
 " and the *Death of Mrs. Bicknell*—for the
 Benefit of Cardinal Wolsey.

STORY XIII.



STORY XIV.

The FORTUNATE FAMILY.

IN the Year, 1701, was Born Edward
 J****, the Son of a poor Cottager,
 on the New Forest, Hampshire. Ned
 being a Boy of bright Parts, was early
 taken Notice of by a Gentleman in the
 Neighbourhood, who took him into his
 Family, as an Assistant to the Gardener.
 In this Station he lived about two Years,
 when having saved Money enough to
 carry him to London, he set out, in the
 full Expectation of making his Fortune.
 He had not been in Town two Days before
 his appearance procured him a Place in
 the Family of an eminent Tradesman in
 Cornhill. His Business was to pack up,
 and carry out small Parcels. This he ex-
 ecuted with great Fidelity, and his Master
 wished to promote him: but unfortu-
 nately

nately, Ned could neither Read nor Write. These Difficulties were soon got over by the Education to be obtained at an Evening School; and Ned was advanced to the Compting House. In about Four Years he removed to the Station of head Clerk to an eminent Merchant, with whom he continued Five Years, when the Merchant died, and left him 500l. in Consideration of his faithful Services; recommending to him the Care of the Business for an only Daughter. This Trust he faithfully discharged during eighteen Months, at the end of which time the Lady voluntary offered him her Hand in Marriage. The offer was every way too agreeable to be rejected. The Wedding was immediately solemnized; and our Hero soon became one of the most considerable Merchants in London. The fruits of this Marriage were two Sons and two Daughters.—The young Ladies were both advantageously married; the elder to the Son of a Gentleman just returned with a large Fortune from the East Indies; the younger to the Son of a wealthy Baronet. The younger Son is now an eminent Merchant at Bristol, and the

the elder very deservedly fills a distinguished Seat in the British House of Commons.—Such are the happy Effects of honest Industry, and a regular obligingness of Behaviour.

XX

STORY XV.

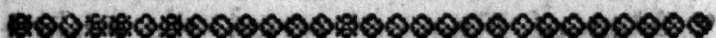
TRUE and FALSE COURAGE.

DURING the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, a young Officer, who had been bred in France, went to the Ordinary at the Black Horse in Holborn, where the Person that usually presided at table was a rough, old-fashioned Gentleman, who, according to the custom of those Times, had been both Major and Preacher of a Regiment.—The young Officer was venting some new fangled Notions, and speaking against the Dispersations of Providence. The Major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the Company had an honour; but finding him run on in his Extragance, began to reprimand him in a more serious Manner.

“ Young

“ Young Man (said he) do not abuse
 “ your Master while you are eating his
 “ Bread. Consider whose Air you breathe,
 “ whose Presence you are in, and who it
 “ is that gave you the Power of that very
 “ Speech which you make use of to his
 “ dishonour.” The young Fellow, who
 thought to turn Matters to a jest, asked
 him if he was going to preach; but at the
 same time bid him take care what he said
 when he spoke to a Man of Honour. “ A
 “ Man of Honour! (cried the Major)
 “ thou art an Infidel and a Blasphemer,
 “ and I shall use thee as such.” At length
 the Quarrel ran so high that the young
 Officer challenged the Major.—On their
 coming into the Garden the old Gentle-
 man advised his Antagonist to consider the
 Place into which one Pass might drive
 him; but finding him grow scurrilous,
 “ Sirrah (said he) if a thunderbolt does
 “ not strike thee dead before I come at
 “ thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee
 “ for thy Profaneness to thy Maker, and
 “ thy Sauciness to his Servant.”—This
 said, he drew his Sword, and cried with
 a loud Voice; “ The Sword of the Lord
 “ and of Gideon!” which so terrified our
 young

young Gentleman that he was instantly disarmed, and thrown on his Knees: In which Posture he begged for Life, which the Major refused to grant, till he had asked Pardon for his Offence, in a short extempore Prayer, which the Major dictated on the Spot, and the other repeated, in the presence of the whole Company, which was by this time assembled in the Garden.

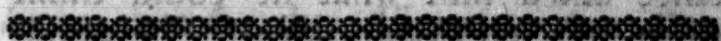


S T O R Y XVI.

Of the KING of NAPLES, and the CHEVALIER de ST. GEORGE.

ON the 24th of August 1734. a fleet of Ships sailed from Naples for Sicily, with a fair Wind.—While the Chevalier was attending the Embarkation, a blast of Wind blew his Hat into the Sea. Several Officers immediately endeavoured to take it up; but he called out, “Let it alone; I will go and get another in “England;” whereupon the King of Naples, throwing his Hat into the Sea, said, “And I will go with you” on which
a stander-

a stander-by remarked, that “ they might
 “ go bare-headed a long time, if they
 “ got no Hats till they went to England
 “ for them; and besides, they would
 “ find none there that would fit their
 “ Heads.”



STORY XVII.

The JOURNEYMAN BAKER.

A Journeyman, who lived with a capital Baker in the City of London, succeeded to an Estate of 1500 l. a Year. Having taken Possession, he invited his Master and Mistress to his Country Seat; and, at parting, told them, that, as he had the Estate of a Gentleman, he would aim at the Qualifications; for which Purpose he would make the Tour of Europe. The Idea he had conceived of the Advantages arising from Travel, made him deaf to the Remonstrances of his Friends, who foresaw the ruin of his Estate: But he answered them, “ that he had a good
 “ Trade in his Belly, and could never
 “ break,

“ break, till he broke his neck.”—His Expences Abroad made a considerable rent in his Estate, which after his return, he soon ran through entirely:—When all was spent, he engaged again with his former Master, and when his old Acquaintance asked him what he could think when he acted so imprudently, he would say, “ Why, I thought of nothing but
 “ my Pleasure, my Estate gratified my
 “ Inclinations while it lasted; and now
 “ it is gone, has left me this Advantage,
 “ that I have seen more of the World
 “ than any Journeyman Baker in Town,
 “ and I dine at my Master’s Table,
 “ which I never did before.”



STORY XVIII.

The Widow’s Exchange.

A Young Lady having buried an old Husband, whom she married for Money, employed a Carver to make a Statue of Wood, as much like him as possible, which, with seeming regard to his

his Memory, she placed every Night by her Side in Bed. A young Gentleman, who was enamoured of the Widow, one Night, bribed the Maid to permit him to lay in old Simon's Place. The Widow went to Bed, and, as usual, threw her Arms across the Figure, (as she thought it) of her dear Husband; and, finding it warm, crept still closer, till she was convinced it was a better Bedfellow than Old Simon. In the Morning the Maid called, as usual, to know what she would have for Dinner. "Why, (said she) dress the Turkey that was brought in Yesterday, roast a Leg of Mutton, with Cauliflower, and get a handsome Dish of Fish."—"Madam, (said the Maid) we have not Wood enough to dress so much Victuals.—"Why then (cried the Mistress) you must e'en burn Old Simon."

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STORY

STORY



STORY XIX.

Old DOBSON'S CROSS.

AN old Country Fellow, who was married to a perfect Termagant, going one Sunday to Church, heard the Minister preach from the following Words.—“Take up your Cross and follow me.” Dobson was extremely attentive to the Discourse; and as soon as Church was done, went home, and taking his Wife on his Back by force; ran as fast as he was able after the Parson, who seeing how the Fellow was loaded, asked him the Reason. “Why, what a plague, (cries Dobson) has your Reverence forgot already?—Did not your Worship bid us take up our Cross, and follow you? and I am sure this is the greatest Cross that I have in the World, an’ please ye.”

STORY

STORY XX.

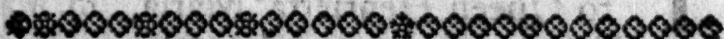
ANECDOTE of an EARL of St. ALBAN'S.

THE Earl of St. Alban's, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, in all her Misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent Condition. Being one Day with Charles the Second, when all Distinctions were laid aside, a Stranger came with an importunate Suit for an Employment of great Value, which was just vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl personate himself. The Gentleman addressed himself accordingly; innumrated his Services to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the Place would not be deemed too great a Reward. "By no Means (replied the Earl) and I am only sorry that, as soon as I heard of the Vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful Friend there, the Earl of St. Alban's—(pointing at the King) who has constantly followed the Fortunes

D 2

" both

“ both of my Father and myself, and has
 “ hitherto gone ungratified: — but when
 “ any thing of this kind happens again,
 “ worthy your acceptance, pray let me
 “ see you.” — The Gentleman withdrew,
 — the King smiled at the jest, and con-
 firmed the Grant to the Earl.



STORY XXI.

HARDINESS of a FRENCH OFFICER.

THIS Gentleman being sent from
 the Camp to the Court, during a
 hard Frost, had no sooner delivered his
 Letters to the King, than the Chamber-
 lain of the Household appointed him a
 Lodging in the Palace, as he was to re-
 turn to the Camp the next Day. But he
 refused it, saying, “ It becomes not me
 “ to lie on a Bed of down, when my Ge-
 “ neral, and the whole Army are forced
 “ to sleep on the frozen Earth.” — So say-
 ing, he ordered some Straw out of the
 Stables, and slept in the open Air. — The
 King, hearing of the Circumstance, made
 him

him a handsome Present, and recommended him to the General, as one of the bravest Men in his Army.



STORY XXII.

The FORTUNATE SOLDIER.

IN the Reign of Queen Anne a young Fellow in the County of Berks, being disgusted with a Woman that his Father had chosen for him as a Wife, enlisted in a Marching Regiment then recruiting at Reading. As his Education and Manner of Behaviour was superior to that of his fellow Soldiers, he was soon distinguished by his Officers, and, before he had been a Month in the Service, he was promoted to the Rank of Corporal, and ere three Months had elapsed was made a Serjeant. In this Station he continued for two Years — was then raised to be Serjeant-Major, and from that Station to an Ensigncy. — The Regiment was now order'd into Flanders, and in the famous Battle of Ramillies, our young Ensign had the honour

of saving his Colours from the resolute attack of four French Soldiers. In reward of this gallant defence he was promoted to the Rank of a Lieutenant, and from thence he succeeded to that of a Captain, in this station he continued many years, with equal Honour to himself, and his Country, 'till having received a challenge from a Brother Officer, (on a supposed trifling offence) he had the virtue to refuse it; which coming to the knowledge of his then Sovereign George II. his Majesty promoted him to the Rank of a Colonel; saying that a Man of approved valour would be inexcusable in risking his Life to comply with an arbitrary and inhuman Custom.



STORY XXIII.

A SPANISH LADY'S REVENGE.

A Few Years since an English Gentleman, who, in a rencounter by Night in the Streets of Madrid, had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church

Church Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning against the Door, he was surprized to find it open, and a glimmering light in the Church. He had the Courage to advance towards the Light ; but was terribly startled at the Sight of a Woman in White, who ascended from a Grave with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantom walked up to him, and asked him what he did there. He believed he had met a Ghost, and told her the Truth, without reserve ; on which she addressed him as follows ;
 “ Stranger thou art in my Power : I am
 “ a Murderer as thou art. I am a Nun
 “ of a noble Family. A base perjured
 “ Man undid me, and boasted of it. I
 “ soon had him dispatched, but not content with the Murder, I have bribed
 “ the Sexton to let me enter his Grave,
 “ and have now plucked out his false
 “ Heart from his Body, and thus I use
 “ the Traitor’s Heart.”—Thus saying,
 “ she tore it in Pieces, and trampled it
 “ under her Feet.”—This Story, however Romantick it may appear, hath been
 vouched for Truth.

STORY



STORY XXIV.

The JEW'S STRATAGEM to save his Life.

S Aladin, the Soldan of Babylon, living at too profuse a rate, and being at the same time engaged in a War with several European Powers, found his treasures very much exhausted. Extraordinary matters happening, he had pressing occasions for Money, and not knowing how to raise it thought of applying to a rich Jew, who lent Money at Interest. He was, however, afraid that the Jew would refuse him, and at the same time unwilling to oblige him to do it, or to Punish him in case of refusal, without a colourable pretence for so doing. He therefore sent for him, received him with complaisance, and addressed him as follows. "I am told that you are a wise Man, and very knowing in matters of Religion. Pray which of these three do you think the best, the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Christian?"—The Jew saw the Snare that

that was laid for him, and rightly judged that he should be entrapped, if he preferred either Religion to the other. He therefore made the following answer.

“ The question that you ask me, my Lord,
 “ is very curious ; but before you com-
 “ mand me to declare my opinion, permit
 “ to tell you a Story. I remmember I
 “ have heard of a rich Man, who, besides
 “ other precious things had a Ring of great
 “ value ; and being proud of Possessing so
 “ rare a Jewel, left it to his Posterity as a
 “ monument of his great Riches, and
 “ ordered by his Will, that whichsoever
 “ of his Sons should, after his death, be
 “ found possess’d of this Ring, should in-
 “ herit all his Estate, and be respected as
 “ the head of his Family. In process of
 “ time the Ring passed through many
 “ Hands, till at last it came to one who
 “ had three Sons equally dutiful, wise,
 “ and obedient to their Father, who
 “ loving them all alike, had, at different
 “ times, given them all reason to expect
 “ it ; and at length contrived to satisfy
 “ all three. To effect this, he procured
 “ an Ingenious artist to make two other
 “ Rings, so like the true one, that no
 “ difference

" difference could be seen. The Father
 " died :—Every one had his Ring; and
 " each tried, by Law, to get Possession
 " of the Estate which he imagined to be
 " his due; and it yet remains undecided
 " who shall inherit it. It is, my Lord,
 " the same thing with regard to the three
 " Religions given by God, to the People
 " you have mentioned. Every one believes
 " that he is the Heir of God, has his true
 " Laws, and obeys his Commandments :
 " But which was in possession was never
 " yet determined. "—Saladin, seeing that
 the Jew had avoided the Net which was
 spread for him, told him of his Necessities,
 begged his assistance and added, that he
 intended to have compelled the Payment,
 if his discreet answer had not prevented
 him. The Jew readily lent him the
 Money which Saladin faithfully repaid;
 conceived a great affection for him, and
 maintained him honourably at Court for
 the rest of his Life.

STORY

 ANECDOTES, CHARACTERS, WHIMS and
 ODDITIES.

HARRY NICKIT, is a Yeoman, of about 100 l. a Year, an honest Man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a Hare or a Pheasant. He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that Means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: In short, he is a very sensible Man, shoots flying, and has been several times Foreman of the Petty Jury.

TOM TOUCHY is a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at Quarter-Sessions. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced

forced to sell the Ground it inclosed, to defray the Charges of the Prosecution. His Father left him Fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not worth Thirty.

KATE WILLOW is a witty, mischievous Wench, who was a Beauty. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very Vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young Women from being more discreet than she was herself.

HARRY TEsETT and his Lady, are a very extraordinary Couple. Harry in the Days of his Celibacy, was one of those pert Creatures, who have much Vivacity, and little Understanding. Mrs. Rebecca Quickley, whom he married, had all the Fire of Youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming merit fell into each others Arms, and Passion being sated, and no good sense in either to succeed

ceed it, their Life is now at a stand, their Meals are insipid and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion.

The Son of RURICOLA (whose Life was one continued series of worthy Actions, and Gentleman-like Inclinations,) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Sense of Praise but what he receives from his own Servants. His pleasures are mean and inordinate, his Language base and filthy, His Behaviour rough and absurd.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The following Order of QUEEN ELIZABETH, for the Gift of her old Cloaths to her Maids of Honour, and others, will be deemed a great Curiosity.

ELIZABETH. by the Grace of God, Quene of Englande, France, and Irelande, defender of the Faith. &c. To all and singular to whom theise shall come, greating, knowe ye, that our trustie
E
and

and well beloved servants, John Roynor and Ralph Hoope, yeomen of our guarderobe of roobes, hath delyverid by our commandemt oute of their custodie and charge, at divers and sundry tymes, all suche pcell of stuff by us gevon to sundry plons whose names ensue as more playnelye hereafter doth appere, that is to saye first — gevon to the lady Katheryn Grey, oone open gowne of black vellat, layed on with three passamayne lases, faced with unshorne vellat, and edged with a frence; lyned througheowte with black sarceonet.

Item, Gevon to the lady Cobham, oone loose gowne of black sattin rased allong, with a garde of black vellat, styched byas cutt, and ravelid; and edgid, with a frence, lyned with sarceonet and fustian,—and oone round kyrle of black wrought vellat, edged with a frence, and lyned with sarceonett,—and also one perycoate of crimson vellat with a styched garde, lyned with cotton and fustian.

Item,

Item, Gevon to the lady Carew, one Frenche kyrtle of purple wrought vellat, with a satten grounde, and lyned with Taphata.

Item, Taken by the said John Roynor and Ralf Hoope, oone night gowne past our wearing, of black vellat, weltid with a midhank welte of vellat, styched with silk, furred with callabar, and edged with luzerne.

Item, Gevon to Katheryn Cary, oone gowne of russet satten, weltid downeright with black vellat; with russe of russet taphata round, all about.

Item, Gevon to Dorothy Brodebelte, oone open gowne of Russet wrought Vellat the Grounde Satten, with brode weltes whiped over with a Satten wrothe, edgid with a frence, and lyned with sarceonett, and faced with pynked taffata, and oone petycoate of vellat stryped with golde, the skyrts lined with purple sarceonett.

Item, Gevon to Elizabeth Sands, oone open gowne of prented satten, garded with vellat, and lyned with taffata.

Item, Gevon to Elizabeth Sloo, oone gowne of black pinked vellat, borderid aboute with three swelling welts cutt and raved, lyned with taphata, and edgid with a frenge.

Item, Gevon to a Tartarian Woman, oone loose Gown of blak taphata, weltid-byas with blak vellat, on either side of the welt a purled lase of silk, lined with taphata; one French kyrtle of russett sattin, lyned with russett taphata; oone loose gowne of black taphata, with a brode garde of vellat, layed on with whiped lase and Brussels work lase, lyned with blak taphata; and one Frenche kyrtle of blak sattin, weltid with vellat, and lyned with taphata.

Item, Delyverd to Katheryn Ashteley, by her to be employed in panying of Cushions, one Frenche Gowne of purple vellat, lyned with purple taffata, with a peire of wide sleeves to the same.

Item, Taken by the said John Roynor and Rauf Hoope, oone night gowne past our wearing, of black sattin, with two Yards of vellat, with a frenge lase layed upon

upon the edge of the gard, I furred with
lybards, and lased with luzerne.

All which stuff, and every part and
pcell thereof we do knowlede to have
been delyvird since the last of January,
an^o secong^o mihi, in manner and fourme
abovesaid, by the said John Roynor and
Raef Hoope, and thereof do acquet, and
discharge the said John and Raef, their
heres, executors, and administrators, by
theise psents, against us, our heires and suc-
cessors.

Goven under our Signett att our mannor
at Grenewithe, the 16 May the thirde
yere of our reigne, 1560.

*** The Original, in the Queen's own
hand writing, was, about twenty Years
ago, in the possession of Mr. Joseph In-
gram, Linnen Draper, in Cheapside. —
It is remarkable that her Majesty spells the
name Ralph four different ways in the
above Instrument.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

A practice of a very extraordinary na-
ture with regard to marriage prevailed
among

among the Lacedemonians, who looked upon that Institution as of so high importance to Society, that they allowed their Women to beat all the old Batchelors Publicly once a Year.

VENETIAN GALLANTRY.

The gallantry that preceeds marriage, among the Venetians, has something very remarkable in it.—When all things are adjusted between the parties, the Gallant must Walk every Evening, at stated Hours, before his Mistress's Windows.—When the Bridegroom makes a visit to his Bride, he is obliged to carry her the Pearl Necklace, which he is to make her a present of.

SPANISH CUSTOM.

In Spain a Man has often a Wife, a Mistress and a Concubine; all which is tolerated and does not occasion any manner of disturbance in Families.

JACK TRUEPENNY has unresisted good-nature, which makes him incapable of having

having a Property in any thing: His Fortune, his reputation, his Time, and his Capacity are to any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School he was whipped thrice a Week for faults he took upon himself to excuse others; and once, when a Friend of his had suffered in a Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inscribed, "A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. Truepenny." Jack had a good Estate left to him which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

MR. WORTHY is an old Man who passes for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of ten Shillings a Week, with only one Servant: while he dresses himself in Cloth or Stuff, according to the Season, and has no one necessary Attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers
twice

twice a day. This Gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great Fortune, by secret methods, to other Men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of professors of Service to him, he has, every Day he lives, the consciousness that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger; bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. He gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make him, for the Pleasures of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. He keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of Worldly want, to carry a retinue with them thither.

of W. WILL. FUNNELL, the Toper who is now in the decline of Life, frequently amuses himself with reckoning up how much Liquor has past through him in the last twenty Years, which, according to his computation, amounts to twenty three Hogheads of October, four Tuns of Port, half a Kilderkin of small Beer, Nineteen

Nineteen Barrels of Cyder, and three glasses of Champaigne ; besides which he has assisted at Seven Hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Drams and whets without Number. What a glorious Ambition is that of *Funnell* to become at once equally absurd and wicked :—to give himself daily pain, merely to promote a certain Suicide.

FLAVIA is ever well dressed, and always the genteelest Woman you meet : but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of Manners of any of her sex. This makes every thing look native about her, and her Cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear as it were part of her Person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of Quality ; but her distinction is owing to her *Manner*, and not to her habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of Allurement. There is such a composure in her Looks, and propriety in her Dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one Day see her in, for any thing so becoming, till you next Day see her in, another.

another. There is no other Mystery in this, but that however she is Apparaled, she is herself the same: for there is so immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Gueſtures, that a Woman muſt *think* well to *look* well.

ORSON THICKSET is a meer Huntſman, whoſe Father's Death, and ſome Difficulties about Legacies, brought out of the Woods to Town. He was at that time one of thoſe Country Savages who deſpiſe the Softneſs they meet in Town and Court, and profeſſedly ſhew their Strength and roughneſs in every Motion and Geſture, in Scorn of bowing and cringing. He was, at his firſt Appearance, remarkable for that Piece of good Breeding peculiar to Engliſhmen, *Deſiance*, and ſhewed every one he met he was as good a Man as he.

Mrs. GATTY is an agreeable, Mrs. Frontlet an awful Beauty. Theſe Ladies are perfect Friends, from a Knowledge that their Perfections are too different to ſtand in Competition. He that likes Gatty can

can have no relish for so solemn a Creature, as Frontlet; and an Admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a May-pole Girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you, and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's Love is a shining quick Flame; Frontlet's a slow wasting Fire. Gatty likes the Man that diverts her; Frontlet him who adores her. Gatty always improves the Soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the Country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her Lover; Frontlet not only looks Serious, but Frowns at him. Still the Men of wit and Coxcombs their followers are professed Servants of Gatty: the Politicians, and pretenders to Politicks, give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged by its Duration: Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a Toast for Life,

PAULO and AVARO are two wealthy Merchants; but they differ in the use and application of their Riches, which you immediately see upon entering their Doors. The Habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You see the Servants act with affection to their
Master

Matter and satisfaction to themselves : The
 Matter meets you with an open Counte-
 nance, full of Benevolence and Integrity :
 Your Business is dispatched with all that
 confidence and welcome, which always
 accompanies honest Minds : his Table is
 the Image of Plenty and Generosity, sup-
 ported by Justice and Frugality.—But if
 you enter the House of Avaro, out comes
 an awkward Fellow with a careful Coun-
 tenance ;—Sir, would you speak with my
 Master.—May I crave your name ?—
 After the first preamble, he leads you into
 a Noble solitude, a great House that seems
 uninhabited ; but from the end of the
 spacious Hall moves toward you Avaro,
 with a suspicious aspect, as if he believed
 you a Thief ; nor would you, when you
 approach him, take him for any thing bet-
 ter than a Pick Pocket.—Paulo grows
 wealthy by being a common good :
 Avaro by being a general Evil : Paulo has
 the Art, Avaro the craft of trade.—When
 Paulo gains, all Men he deals with are
 the better : Whenever Avaro profits, an-
 other certainly loses. In a word, *Paulo*
 is a CITIZEN, and *Avaro* a CIT.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Sir JOHN HALL.

I.

ENtomb'd beneath this humble stone,
A learned Knight is laid,
Who sav'd our Lives, and lost his own,
In the due course of trade.

II.

Bardana for the Gout he sold,
Nor fear'd th' effects of age,
For who, said he, can e'er grow old,
That Tincture drinks of Sage?

III.

For every Ill of every kind,
A Remedy he sought,
And cur'd all People but the blind;
For those were blind who bought.

IV.

Dear Doctor—Botanist—farewell,
Scribler and Player Adieu!
Or rise to Heaven, or sink to Hell;
You'll find no more like you.

EXTEMPORE; on a *Lame Poet*.

Ease, Scribler, longer to torment us,
Thou ne'er can'st gain the path to Fame;
One of the Curses Heaven has sent us,
Is Verse that's like the Writer—lame.

On an Old Lady appearing at Drury Lane Theatre,
with a high Head Dress of Feathers.

G Rixetta, Copying youthful Sinners,
Proves her Ideas to be frail,
And tells us, while she wags her pinners,
She wishes but to wag her tail.

II.

Each Childish folly is forgiven,
When Youth and Beauty pow'ful plead;
But Lovers seek another Heaven
Than Feathers on an Ancient Head.

CHRISTMAS DAY, a Song.

I.

L A D S and Lassies raise your Voices,
Strike, O Muse, the sprightliest lay;
All within the Muse's choice is,
While she Sings of Christmas Day.

II.

Pies and Puddings now are plenty,
Ham and Veal, and Beef and Chicken;
Chines and Turkies too are sent ye,
Would you wish for better Picking.

III.

Play the Cards, and fill the Glasses,
Drink about, and Sing, and Play;
All the Lads, and all the Lassies,
Revel thus on Christmas Day.

LEAP YEAR, A New Song.

I.

MAIDS attend to my Song,
It shall not hold you long;
I Sing for the Year Seventy Six;
While unmarried you be,
Take example from me,
And look cautiously round er'e you fix.

II.

Let the Man whom you chuse,
Have Wit to amuse,
And prudence and Sense to advise;
For his Person—no matter,
But if he should flatter
O guide not your hearts by your Eyes.

III.

In Leap—Year, they say,
Young Maids go astray,
And are apt to be courting the Men;
Then guard you this Year,
And the next, never fear,
Your Swains will address you again.

The ROSE, A New Song.

I.

AS blooms the Rose in May's gay Month,
And flourishes in June,
So bloom the Fair of Britain's Isle,
And reach bright Beauty's noon.

II.

As shrinks the Flower beneath the cold,
And shuns the blighting Wind,
So Reputation's lost, unless,
There's Virtue in the Mind.

III.

Beauty's a short and transient bloom,
And like the Rose decays;
But Virtue still encreasing lives,
And brightens all our Days.

CHLOE'S LIKENESS—an Epigrammatic Song.

What's Chloe like? young Damon cries,
I ne'er saw such a creature,
The Stars of Heav'n are like her Eyes,
A Sun—beam is each Feature.

Colin, who Damon's whim did strike,
Replies, in merry part,
"There's nothing, Friend, your Chloe's like,
"Except—to break your heart."

The PLAYHOUSE, a New Song.

I.

THE Theatre is but a Picture of Life,
Where every one crowds for a seat,
Tho' few, after all their contention and strife,
Are contented with those that they get.

II.

II.

The Gods, whom a Shilling ticks under the Roof,
Would fain with their betters sit down ;
Yet thinking their Shilling is Money enough,
Laugh at him who deposits his Crown.

III

The Cit in the Gallery, the Rake in the Pit,
 Despising each others false taste;
 The Rake thinks the Cit is a Miser—the Cit,
 Knows the Cash of the Rake runs to waste.

IV.

The gay painted Dame in the Slips we behold,
Who plays her full game at the Ball;
While the Manager pockets his Customer's Gold,
And fairly laughs at them all.

SONG in the New Entertainment of the SULTAN.

I.

BEST Hero, who in peace and War
Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;
In peace, the shafts of Love you bear,
In War the bolts of love's own Thunder.

II.

Venus and Mars yet never drove,
 To make a Name To gnatian Story;
 Still Victor in the lists of Love, but
 As Conqueror in the fields of Glory.

day before, said "My dear, your Honor are bad-
ly hurt, and I am sorry to hear of it."

A Middlesex Farmer had lost Three Heifers, on which he set the Crier to work, who proclaimed that Farmer ——— had lost Three Heifers, Two of which were Cows. A Gentleman who stood by, cried, "That's a Bull!"—"True (said the Crier) I'm much obliged t'ye "Sir,—One of 'em was a Bull."

“What’s my Thoughts like? (said a Macaroni)
—“Like yourself,” replied a Lady, “next to
“nothing.”

Mr. Foote was in Company when it was observed that the Ladies liked Mr. Foote. "True (said another) but Mr. Foote does not like the Ladies."

A Lady sitting with her Husband, on a Thursday Night, said "My dear, your Horns are budding."

ding."—Then (said he) I'll go to Smithfield to-morrow, with the rest of the Calves."

A Gentleman meeting 26 Geese on Finchley Common, exclaimed "Here comes my Lord Mayor, and the Court of Aldermen."

A Man telling a most improbable Story, another said—"As you relate it, Sir, I believe it; but if I had told it myself I'll be d—d if I should have given credit to it."

An Irishman having purchased a Ticket, told the Lottery Office Keeper that if he would ensure it a Prize, he'd give him the value of a Blank for his Trouble.

A young Lady was saying she would give any thing she had for a good Husband. "Then (said a Gentleman) you'll not be long single. You have something to give, that no Husband will refuse."

The famous Joe Miller was told that his whole Life was a *Jest*. "That may be, (said he) but I find it a very *serious Business* to Live."

A Man being asked his Profession, said, "I'm a Shoemaker by Religion, and a Drunkard by Trade."

The late Lord Chesterfield being asked his Opinion of a very gay and talkative Woman, said she was like a Parrot—All Feathers and Noise.

when

When the dispute arose about the bad Halfpence,
a young Lady, who was addressed by a Gentleman,
said she had no Objection to him, but that he was
a *coit'erfeit*.

The late Mr. Whitfield was once invited to Dinner
among some Noblemen, and desired to say
Grace. "It will be, in vain," (said he) "you are
all **GRACELESS**."

Thus have we given our little store,
Not will our Readers ask for more;
A Shilling buys the curious Book
We've took such wondrous pains to Cook.
Next Year, dear Readers, if you're willing,
We'll ask you for another Shilling.

On the 1st of February, 1775. will be published,

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the Approbation of the Public.

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